

Homework

by Shufflebot

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Summary: Stan's waiting for Kyle to finish his homework so he can do his own.

Homework

I've been really recently, but here's a lemon to make up for it. I had some help with the very beginning of this fic from LittleMissMuppet, so go show her fics some love guys.

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<p>Homework

Kyle chewed on the end of his pen as he focused on the chemistry problems in front of him. He looked at the question and began to work out the relative atomic mass of sulphur, first he needed to...

"Knock-a-doodle-do!"

Kyle didn't even look up as he heard his best friend waltz into his room, he was used to it. Although he would prefer it if Stan left him to do his homework.

"What're you doing Kyle?" Stan asked.

"Chemistry," Kyle replied as he punched some numbers into his calculator and wrote the answer that the device gave him.

"Well stop," Stan said and let himself fall to Kyle's bed, "You should show your guests hospitality."

"You got a problem with my hospitality? Then leave."

Stan laughed, "Jesus Ky!"

Kyle didn't reply as moved onto the next question.

"It's rude to ignore people Kyle."

"I'm busy Stan."

"And you can be busy later, get your fine ass over here and turn the Xbox on!"

"No Bebe," Kyle rolled his eyes at Stan's joking comment.

Stan walked over to see what Kyle was doing.

"I have no idea what any of that means."

"Then why don't you leave me to do it?"

"With who?"

Kyle gave Stan a very unimpressed stare. Stan smiled back.

"Look," Kyle sighed, "If you're gonna stay, leave me alone until I finish this."

"Cool," Stan agreed, going back to the bed and picking up the 3DS, "I'm playing Smash."

Anyone else, and Kyle would have kicked them out long ago. But Stan wasn't anyone else, he was Stan. Kyle's best friend (who he may like as more than that, but that's beside the point). He trusted Stan to keep his word.

However, to Stan, Smash with two players is much more fun than Smash with one, so he shut the 3DS and lay back on the bed.

"I go out of my way to come and see you," He said in mock-hurt, "What do you do? Ignore me."

Kyle didn't acknowledge his statement.

Stan got back up and walked over to his friend, "Come play Xbox Ky."

"Stan, stop bothering me. I'm trying to do my homework."

"I'll only stop if you let me fuck you."

Kyle rolled his eyes, going along with the joke, "Yeah, fine."

He would never admit to the surprised yelp that left his lips when Stan picked him up and dropped him on the bed.

"You agreed easy," Stan grinned.

Kyle opened his mouth to reply but Stan claimed it using his own, using the fact that Kyle's mouth was open to dip his tongue inside.

Kyle's eyes widened but he soon relaxed and began to move his tongue against Stan's. He didn't notice Stan trailing his hand down until the taller teen cupped his crotch, making him jolt.

"You're pretty excited for this," Stan smirked, trailing a finger over the bulge in Kyle's jeans.

Kyle gulped.

Stan undid Kyle's fly and pulled the jeans to halfway down his thighs, along with his boxers, and took Kyle in his hand.

"Really excited," Stan made three quick pumps that made Kyle gasp before taking the head into his mouth and taking a long suck.

"Oh shit," Kyle groaned as Stan moved further down his cock and began to bob his head.

Stan pulled off soon and pressed their lips back together as he pulled their hats off. He pulled away, only to pull Kyle's shirt and jacket over his head together.

"I was serious Ky."

Kyle nodded, there wasn't much else he could say.

Stan pulled the clothing from his upper half and pulled Kyle into another kiss. He ran his hands down Kyle's sides until reaching his jeans and boxers before pulling away and removing them, giving the tip of Kyle's erection a kiss as he did so. He removed Kyle's socks and stepped off the bed, admiring his, now naked, best friend. Stan removed his own jeans, boxers and socks before walking over to Kyle's bedside cabinet and opening the top drawer.

"Stop going through my underwear dude," Kyle frowned.

"Even when I'm looking for this?" Stan smirked, pulling out a bottle of baby oil. Stan and Kyle knew where everything in each other's room was, but it didn't stop Kyle from scorching red.

"Lay back," Stan instructed, spreading Kyle's legs and settling between them.

Stan covered his fingers in baby oil before rubbing the outside of Kyle's hole. Kyle shivered at the cold substance as the muscles relaxed.

Stan pushed a single finger in and began to move it around, smiling when he heard Kyle gasp. He quickly added a second and curled them, drawing a moan from his best friend.

"Shit," Kyle panted.

Stan made a scissoring motion with his fingers before going back to the spot that made Kyle moan.

"Fuck."

"Meet your prostate Kyle," Stan smirked, watching as Kyle's cock twitched from the contact.

Satisfied that Kyle was ready, Stan pulled his fingers out and lathered his cock in baby oil.

"You sure?" He asked, he'd never touch his best friend if Kyle said no.

Fortunately, Kyle nodded.

Stan pressed the head of his cock to Kyle's entrance and pushed in slowly, feeling Kyle tense around him.

"Relax Ky," Stan whispered as he pressed their lips together.

Stan pushed until he was all the way in and waited for Kyle to adjust, taking the time to admire the person under him. Kyle was adorable with the blush dusting across his freckled cheeks, his hair trussed from being against the pillow and his hard cock resting against his stomach.

"Move," Kyle said as locked eyes with Stan.

Stan pulled back until half of his cock had left Kyle before pushing back in, drawing a loud moan from the redhead at feeling Stan's cock against his prostate.

Stan pressed his chest flush against Kyle's, pressing their lips together and laying his hand on Kyle's shoulder. Kyle wrapped his arms around Stan's neck and his legs around his waist, moaning into the kiss upon feeling the friction around his dick.

"Faster Stan," Kyle groaned.

Stan moved his mouth to Kyle's neck and began to suck on it as he quickened his pace and increased the force of his thrusts, drawing more moans from the redhead.

"Stan, I'mâ€¦"

Kyle's statement was lost as he pressed his lips to Stan's and moaned loudly into the kiss as he released between their bodies.

Stan felt Kyle tighten up with his orgasm and it sent him over the edge, he moaned into their kiss as he came, releasing inside Kyle's backside.

Stan pulled out when he finished. He rolled off Kyle and wrapped an arm around him, pulling him close.

"I've been wanting to do that for a while," Stan admitted as he caught his breath.

Kyle made a questioning hum as he looked up at him.

"Not that I planned to do it today," Stan added hurriedly.

"Why have you been wanting to fuck me?" Kyle asked.

"I kindaâ€¦ really like you. No, I love you Ky."

Kyle's face softened as he pressed their lips together, keeping his tongue in his mouth, "I love you too Stan."

Stan relaxed with a smile, "Will you be my boyfriend Ky?"

Kyle nodded.

"I bet you're glad I distracted you," Stan grinned.

"Maybe a little."

"A little? That was amazing dude!"

Kyle looked over to his unfinished chemistry homework, ultimately deciding that it could wait.

End
file.